drawing and color as anything except *means of expression.* The line or the color that expresses nothing is useless; and in art everything that is useless is harmful. Etc. . . .

What did I do in the middle of the day? . . . (I am writing this on Thursday.) Sleep? . . . No! I went to Gilbert de Voisins's house without finding him. I wanted to ask him where one could see Negro or Spanish dancing, which Count Kessler, his sister, and the Hofmannsthals wanted to see that very evening.

After looking in at the *Ermitage,* I joined the German colony in Auteuil, at the house of the Marquise de Brion. I found myself in a vast and rather sumptuous drawing-room, where I was at first somewhat uncomfortable at the thought of my soft hat, gray jacket, light-brown shoes, and absence of collar (the little cyst that has been bothering me for five days forced me to substitute for the collar a white silk scarf, skillfully tied and rather prettily fastened by a gold pin that Em. had lent me). I made every effort of my will to appear at ease, and besides, with the aid of Kessler's graciousness and that of his sister, I soon became almost natural. Fortunately I was not too tired.

A few supernumeraries arrived,

It was decided that I should join them at the Ritz, where they were to dine; I preferred to dine alone and not meet them until the dessert.

The evening that we had wanted to be a bit mad turned out to be utterly dull. After a stupid show at Marigny, we went to Maxim's; getting there much too early, we left at about one thirty before having seen any of the dances, which certainly began after our departure. All the necessary elements were there, but, already exhausted by boredom, we thought only of going home to bed.

Of course each one of us, without letting it be seen too much, felt a bit annoyed with the others for his own boredom. I am also sure that Hofmannsthal held me somewhat responsible. His

farewells, because of this, were cold.

Fortunately at Maxim's I had the courage to talk at length with Mme de Brion, next to whom I sat, so that both of us escaped somewhat from the general boredom; but it cost too great an effort. She was grateful to me for it, though, and when we separated insisted greatly and in the most gracious manner that we see each other again.

I withdrew, tired out from having pretended for two hours that I wasn*t tired.

Thursday

Gerard comes to lunch and tires me somewhat by examining his adventure; he is marking time and analyzing instead of acting. For fear of losing his hand he dares not risk it. Too bad.